Dr. *ABBADIE*'s

PANEGYRIC

On the

QUEEN.

A PANEGYRIC

On our late Sovereign Lady

MARY

QUEEN of ENGLAND,

SCOTLAND, FRANCE, and IRELAND,

Of Glorious and Immortal

MEMORY.

Who Died at Kenſington, *on the* 28th. *of* December, 1694.

By *JAMES ABBADIE*, D. D. Miniſter of the *Savoy*.

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A PANEGYRIC

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MARY

QUEEN of ENGLAND, &c.

IN vain the grateful World ſtrives to eternize the Memory of Heroes, in vain their Names and Titles are entruſted to Marble and Braſs, which Time will quickly deface, in vain are all the artful Endeavors of Painters and Sculptors to give them a ſhadow of Life in ſpite of Death, by a laſting Repreſentation of that which is no more, if we do not labour to revive the Spirit that animated them, and to immortalize their Glory by a careful imitation of their Actions.

Such an Elogy as this is only worthy of MARY, a Princeſs in whom all the Vertues were united, and yet ſeem'd to contend, which ſhould moſt embelliſh their lovely Habitation; a Queen the Examplar of Her Subjects; a Heroin the Model of Queens; elevated above Her Rank by Her Vertues, and even, in ſome meaſure rais'd above Her Vertues by Her Modeſty, which could not bear Praiſe, and would not ſuffer us to do juſtice, but in ſecret, during Her Life, to that Merit which has been celebrated, in ſo glorious a manner, by the Public Grief after her Death.

The Sorrow of *England*; the Lamentations of the State; the Tears of the Church; the early Acknowledgments of that Auguſt Senate, which, by regulating the Affairs of one Nation, governs the Fate of all others; the King's ſinking under a load of Grief, the weakneſs of that Hero, on this occaſion,

occaſion, whoſe Courage was never before ſhock'd by Dangers or Misfortunes; the ſilence of Envy; and the United Groans of ſo many Nations, who reſent this Loſs as an Univerſal Blow to Mankind, praiſe Her aloud, and leave ſo much the leſs to be ſaid by me, that, in making the Elogy either of Her Immortal Vertues, or of the unexampl'd Wonders of Her Life, I cannot preſerve the likeneſs of Truth without leſſening the Truth it ſelf.

I ſhall ſay nothing of Her Glorious Anceſtors, but that the Luſtre which She reflected back upon them was greater than that She receiv'd from them; and that She honour'd Her Birth more than that honour'd Her. And it muſt be acknowledg'd, that never any Woman could with ſo much Juſtice be call'd the Ornament of Her Nation, and Glory of Her Sex.

I will neither imitate the Malice of ſome, who deſpiſe, nor the flattering complaiſance of others, who magnifie a Sex which Nature has made little different from ours; tho' Education does commonly make a diſtinction between them, that is wholly to the advantage of the latter. Yet I cannot but obſerve, that the Greatneſs of the Obſtacles that bar the Aſcent to the moſt Shining Glory, ſerves only to heighten the Honour of the Perſon that ſurmounts them; and that as there is nothing more rare than to find the Character of a Hero in a Woman, ſo there is nothing that more imperiouſly commands our Admiration.

Hiſtory, that preſerves the Memory of ſo many famous Names, has tranſmitted to us but a very ſmall number of Illuſtrious Women, who deſerv'd to be mention'd with particular Marks of Honour. Yet every Nation boaſts of ſome; and it may be ſaid that the Spirits of all thoſe Heroins were combin'd together to animate our Queen, and that *England* has engroſs'd the Glories of all other Nations.

She was Miſtreſs of all the Sublime Characters that enter the Compoſition of an extraordinary Perſon. Her Beauty, which might have been the brighteſt Ornament of another, was always reckon'd the meaneſt of Her Endowments. And even the perfections of Her Judgment which was naturally ſteddy, ſolid, and piercing, beſides thoſe Excellent Improvements with which She took care to enrich it, in conjunction with

with all the Charms of Her Perſon, were but the leaſt part of that Merit for which the World admir'd Her.

Never was ſo much Greatneſs and Majeſty accompany'd with ſo much Modeſty and Sweetneſs. Never could ſo eaſie and natural a Carriage command ſo much reſpect, and ſo admirably well become the ſublimeſt Dignity. How low ſoever She might condeſcend to ſtoop, and endeavour to conceal the Heroin under the diſguiſe of an ordinary Woman, that commanding Air, which was ſpread over all Her Perſon, that Mien, and Natural Majeſty, which She could not hide, diſcover'd Her Greatneſs, and betray'd Her Humility.

Her Soul was inſeparably united to that of Her Auguſt Husband. She conſider'd His Glory as Her own deareſt Intereſt. She ſtudied His Sentiments, to follow them, and His Actions, to imitate them; and ſet His Will before Her, as the Rule of Her Life.

Her Love and Admiration of Him made Her Submiſſion delightful to her. When She enjoy'd His Preſence, She examin'd His Eyes to know whether She ſhould rejoyce or grieve. When He left Her, She was not ſenſible of any Trouble, but what was caus'd by Her ſeparation from Him, She fear'd nothing but to loſe Him, and Her only Care was to execute His Orders, and, during the Abſence of His Perſon, to preſerve at leaſt His Will upon the Throne. She breath'd not but for Him, and ſeem'd not to live but in Him.

She was not capable of the leaſt Weakneſs. Never Wife lov'd Her Husband more tenderly; and never Princeſs bore Misfortunes with greater conſtancy.

Her Courage rais'd Her above bad ſucceſs, and Her Modeſty ſet Her above happy Events. Proſperity and Adverſity were equally unable either to puff Her up, or to caſt Her down. She was above them both; and it will for ever remain an undecided controverſie whether She bore with more Temper the Smiles, or the Frowns of Fortune.

She had at once the higheſt and moſt regular Merit that ever was She joyn'd the Courage and Strength that are peculiar to our Sex, with all the Vertues and Graces of Her own. Heaven ſeem'd to have endow'd Her with the Perfections

of

of both Sexes, to inſtruct them both in their ſeveral Duties, or to correct their Vices by the Oppoſition of ſo many Vertues; as if it deſign'd to propoſe one Perſon for the Standard and Cenſure of all the reſt of the World.

She was equally admirable, when in Her Council She vied with the ableſt Stateſmen; and when after the King's return, She retir'd to the Innocent Pleaſure of Working with Her Women. She was Wiſe and Courageous in Her Government, Humble and Modeſt in Her Retirement. Her Vertue ſet before us, in Her Illuſtrious Life, a continual Revolution of Advancement and Humiliation, more wonderful than the moſt ſtupendous Turns of Fortune.

She dreaded the return of the Seaſon that oblig'd Her to aſſume the Government, and, beſides the Glory of the State, made Her Miſtreſs of the Fate of the People. She would never have deſir'd to draw upon Her ſelf the Eyes of all the Univerſe, if She could have ſtill enjoy'd him whom She lov'd: and gave us a yearly and memorable Inſtance that Authority may be receiv'd with Tears, and laid aſide with Raptures of Joy.

Yet it would have ſeem'd that Authority had been Natural to Her, ſo well She knew how to uſe it. She was capable of the greateſt, and exact in the ſmalleſt things. She acquir'd the Art of managing the Buſineſs of State by an unweary'd Application, She had the dexterity to extend Her Empire over the Minds of Her People, and reign'd in their Hearts by Her Clemency. She commanded in ſuch a manner as to make Obedience a Pleaſure; and She obey'd in Her turn, as if She had never commanded.

She was always ready to yield to Reaſon and Truth: but would never be perſwaded to beſtow on Recommendations the Reward of Merit and Vertue.

She was prepar'd for all Events by Her Reſolution, and She provided for them all by Her Wiſdom. She enjoy'd an undiſturb'd ſerenity of Mind in the midſt of Troubles and Dangers; She was ſecret in Her Deſigns, ſteady in Her Maxims, and of an invincible Conſtancy under Difficulties. And it may be ſaid without Flattery that She reign'd without a Fault, as Her Life was without a Blemiſh.

It

It seem'd that the King, by entrusting her with the Administration of Affairs, inspir'd her with all his Wisdom; and that the Queen, for the Heart she gave him, had in exchange received his Judgment.

'Tis not impossible for a common Person to live without Reproach; but we find no faultless Heroes. And even the Greatest Vertues seem to be usually accompanied with the greatest Imperfections; as if that which raises us above our selves, was apt to disorder our Souls, by putting them out of their Natural Posture. But here we find an Eminent Merit, without the least Fault or Weakness, in an admirable Person, who was as free from blame, as if she had been sav'd from it by the Meanness of her Condition. The Greatness of her Fortune might have expos'd her to all the Shafts of Malice, if her Vertues had not impos'd Silence on Malice it self: And even her Vertues might have expos'd her to Envy, if they had been mixt with any Faults. But who could blame such a compleat Merit, such high Perfection, and such Spotless Glory, without renouncing his Judgment, and exposing his Reputation.

But after all it must be acknowledg'd, that it was neither the Dignity of her Rank, nor the Lustre of her Heroical Perfections, that render'd her Condition worthy of Envy. All that which made the World admire her could not have hinder'd her from being an Object of Compassion in her own Eyes.

Heroes are mortal, as well as other men; and neither all their Glory nor our Tears can preserve them from that fatal Necessity. We are charm'd with that which is no more to us than a bare Idea of Perfection: We begin late to admire a Vertue that has ceas'd to appear, and complain in vain of the cruelty of Death that has robb'd us of our dear Protectors. They have taken an eternal Leave of us: Their Great Names serve only to adorn their Epitaphs, and embellish their Tombs and those Vertues which the World admir'd, are like the Funeral Torches that signalize the Pomp of their Obsequies, whose Splendour serves only to encrease our Affliction.

And who was better acquainted with these Truths than the Queen? She made the Meditation of Death a continual Support to her Vertue: She lov'd to discourse on that Subject with others, and to entertain her self with the Thoughts of it. Thus, forsaking Vanity long before she was forsaken by it

and baniſhing the World out of her Mind, even whilſt ſhe liv'd in the midſt of it, She prevented, by a voluntary Separation from it, that forc'd Exile to which all Mankind is condemn'd; and it may be ſaid, that in this Reſpect, her Humility had left little or no Work for Death.

How rare is that Vertue, and how becoming a Companion to Greatneſs! Humility is moſt advantagiouſly plac'd in the Heart of a Soveraign, for there it makes great Reſtitutions to God; there it oppoſes the Flattery of the People, who are wont to idolize Grandeur, and teaches the Prince to deſpiſe himſelf in the midſt of that Croud of flattering Admirers, who adore his Faults, and proſtrate themſelves before his Fortune.

But how much more admirable is that Vertue in thoſe Great Souls, who are more truely elevated above Kings by their Vertue, than Kings are rais'd above other men by their Rank and Dignity! 'Tis a ſhame to be Proud when ſuch excellent Perſons as theſe are Humble. 'Tis an Honour to renounce vain-Glory, when the moſt eminent Heroes are eminent alſo for their Humility.

That was the Character of our Queen; Her Life, her Converſation and her Carriage were but one continued expreſſion of that Vertue. Her Palace was a Temple of Modeſty, ſo diligent She was to free it from Vanity and Luxury. She deckt her ſelf with her own Vertues, and neglected the Ornaments of Dreſſing; She appear'd rather Neat than Magnificent in her Train and Furniture. She was an exact Obſerver of the Rules of Decency, without injuring her Humility; and beſtow'd no more on the Pomp of a Court, than what the Dignity of her Rank did abſolutely require. And yet ſhe ſeem'd to grudge her own neceſſary Expences, as if ſhe had ſtoln them from the Funds of her Charity.

Never any hid their Faults with more care than ſhe took to conceal her Vertues. This is the only Fault that ſhe could ever be accus'd of. Wonders are made to be ſeen, and to make a ſtrong Impreſſion upon us; and how many Wonders did ſhe hinder us from ſeeing, by hiding from us the Nobleſt parts of ſo beautiful a Life.

She lov'd to edify, but not to be admir'd, as if ſhe could have purcha'd Humility at the rate of her Glory. She condemn'd Thankfulneſs to ſilence, and made this ſeeming Ingratitude the Condition of her Favours.

With

With one Hand ſhe dry'd the Tears of the Afflicted, and with the other drew a Veil over their Miſery. She was no leſs charitable in her way of relieving them, than in the Relief ſhe gave them. With equal care ſhe ſought Occaſions to exerciſe her Vertue, and avoided every Temptation to vain Glory. She always conceal'd the Good that ſhe did, and has been ſeen to weep for that which ſhe could not do.

But in vain ſhe impos'd a ſilence, which ſooner or later would certainly be broken. The whole Univerſe that was a Witneſs of her Vertues, the World that is fill'd with her Charity, which ſhe ſcatter'd through all Nations, and all Climates, ſuch an infinite number of Perſons that felt the comfortable influences of her Bounty, cry ſo much the louder after her Death, as they were forc'd to be ſilent during her Life. Impriſon'd Gratitude ſhakes off its Fetters and breaks out impetuouſly. We ſend forth our Complaints and Lamentations, the expreſſions of our Grief and her Glory, becauſe we are not able to retain them longer; and tho that bright Soul could, from the Heavens whither ſhe is aſcended, renew thoſe Orders which her Modeſty impos'd on Earth, Sorrow and Gratitude would not ſuffer us to obey them.

Death, which puts a period to the Glory of others, ſeems only to begin hers. How vaſt is the difference between her and the nameleſs Great, thoſe vulgar Princes, who ceaſe to be known aſſoon as they ceaſe to live! Her Works came out of the Grave, when ſhe enter'd into it: Her Life hid her from us; and her Death expoſes her in all her Glory to our raviſh'd Eyes.

Why cannot we do as much honour to her Memory, as ſhe was always ready to do to Merit and Vertue? What do I ſay? She made it her Pleaſure to conſider all ſorts of Perſons; none were deſpicable in her ſight. She never ſpoke ill of any perſon, nor ever ſuffer'd any perſon to be ill ſpoken of in her preſence. She eſteem'd the Reputations of all mankind ſacred; and if ever the Serenity of her Mind, was diſturb'd by any motion of anger, to which ſhe was almoſt always a Stranger, it was when any one had the confidence to ſpeak ill of her Enemies in her preſence.

She was ſo incredulous of the faults of others, as if humane Nature had been faultleſs; and ſo univerſally indulgent, as if all mankind had belong'd to her. What a noble Example has ſhe ſet before Soveraigns, who being the common Parents of

their People, are concern'd in the Reputation of all ſorts of perſons, and ought no more to encourage Railing againſt their Subjects, than they would againſt their own Children.

The Perſons are uſually deſpis'd, whoſe Praiſes and Flatteries are eſteem'd; which is an Effect of Pride. But *MARY* deſpis'd Praiſe, and had an univerſal Charity for all ſorts of perſons. This was the peculiar character of her Vertue.

Her Condeſcenſion and Bounty kept pace with the Advancement of her Fortune, as if ſhe had intended to comfort others, and make amends for her ſurpaſſing them in Quality and Vertues. She was eaſy of acceſs to the unhappy, ſhe deſpis'd no Complaint, and rejected no Requeſt. Her generous and magnanimous Temper would not ſuffer her to overcome Hatred and Envy, any other way than by Kindneſs and good Offices. She exceeded all other Women in Frugality, but ſhe was frugal only that ſhe might be charitable; and ſhe was even more Charitable than Frugal, reducing her ſelf often to Poverty by her profuſe Beneficency.

This is not an Idea of imaginary perfection. It has been obſerv'd, that after ſhe had conſum'd the regulated Fund of her Charity in extraordinary Bounties, ſhe diſtributed that which was appointed for her own neceſſary Charges, to ſupply the Wants of the Poor. And ſhe felt a pleaſure in this vertuous Poverty, which they whoſe minds are addicted to the World, ſhall never find in all their proud Abundance, and cruel Superfluities.

'Tis certain that Self-love and Intereſt gain'd no ground in her Heart by her Advancement. Her Greatneſs was for the benefit of others, rather than for her own good. She rejected the Pomp of it by her Humility; and of all that Plenty of which ſhe was Miſtreſs, ſhe reſerv'd nothing to her ſelf, but the pleaſure of giving it away.

But what do I ſay? She was alſo oblig'd to her Dignity for a thouſand occaſions to diſplay her Clemency, at a time when Severity might have ſeem'd not only pardonable, but neceſſary, to a Heart leſs heroical than hers.

Princes that regard their Safety more than their Honour, content themſelves with being prais'd for their rigorous Juſtice, by which they ſerve the Intereſts of their own Preſervation. But Souls of the firſt form are not ſatisfied with the Empire that Fear gives them over others, but rather chuſe to maintain their Autho-

Authority by inſpiring their Subjects with a Veneration for their Vertues. They judge with reaſon, that 'tis nobler (when poſſible) to preſerve the public Peace by Mercy, than by Juſtice; that 'tis more honorable to conquer Hearts, than to ſubdue Perſons; and that the State is doubly ſav'd, when the inclinations of its Enemies are diſarm'd, and they become its Friends and Servants.

Clemency is a Vertue that deſerves to be more highly eſteem'd, for the greatneſs of the Dangers to which it expoſes its Owners. 'Tis even more generous than Charity: for the charitable man only gives away his Riches; but he that is merciful hazards his very Life. 'Tis braver than Valour it ſelf, for it expoſes it ſelf to ſecret Foes, which are more dangerous than thoſe open Enemies whom Courage oppoſes. And 'tis greater than Moderation, which finds its own ſecurity in forgetting private injuries, whereas Clemency neglects the care of its own Preſervation by pardoning the Enemies of the Public.

If Mercy had been to appear in a humane Form, it would have certainly borrow'd that of the Queen. It was ſufficient to be unhappy to be eſteem'd innocent by her: She imitated God, who exhorts Sinners to accept his Favors, and adds Benefits to the Pardon that he gives them, with a deſign to make them better; ſhe forc'd her greateſt Enemies to be capable of Gratitude. Her Clemency, by an admirable Priviledge, produc'd all the effects of Severity; It deliver'd her every day from ſome new Enemy, or cruſh'd ſome brooding Conſpiracy. The benefits that ſhe beſtow'd were Spies to diſcover the Plots of her Enemies, and Guards to ſecure her againſt them; and the Pardons which ſhe granted ſo often, and in ſo obliging a manner to thoſe that had conſpir'd againſt her Life, furniſh'd her with means to acquire new Glory, and additional ſecurities in every Attempt of her Enemies.

Blaſphemy was the only crime that ſhe would never forgive She was ſtill ſtruck with horror at the hearing of an impious Expreſſion: Yet ſhe would not ſuffer her Indignation to tranſport her, or make her forget that Calmneſs with which ſhe adminiſtred Juſtice, by depriving inſtantly of all Offices, and baniſhing from her preſence, thoſe that had dar'd to brave the Majeſty of that God, whom ſhe ſerv'd with ſo much Fear: By

which

which ſhe clearly ſhow'd, that it was not ſhe that reign'd, but God that reign'd by her.

Let the World admire, as much as it pleaſes, thoſe humane Vertues, which, under great Names and venerable Out-ſides, hide our moſt real imperfections, or rather thoſe ſacrilegious Vertues which rob God of our beſt Actions to aſcribe them to our ſelves, and are in ſome reſpect more criminal than the groſſeſt Vices, as being more injurious to God. Piety alone deſerves the name of Vertue, becauſe it ſeeks God in all things, and refers all things to his Glory. And Piety was the great buſineſs of the Queen's Life.

Her public and private Devotions, from which no Trouble of State, nor Danger that threaten'd her perſon could ever once divert her; that Commerce of Piety which ſhe held with God, and the Commerce of Charity between her and her Brethren; her Meditations and Reading of pious Books employ'd all her Mornings, and conſecrated to God the half of her Life, thoſe firſt Hours of the Day, which ſhe ſometimes ſtole from her ordinary reſt, and took from Nature to beſtow them on Grace, which made a far better uſe of them. Her Devotions were ſucceeded by her Charity, her Contemplations by Practice, and her Prayers by good Works; ſo that ſhe had no time left from theſe Holy Occupations that was not devoted to God, nor almoſt a Thought that did not aſcend up to Heaven. While ſhe ſuſtain'd the Load of an infinite number of Affairs and Perſons that depended on her, ſhe ſtill found leiſure to ſerve God without diſtraction; and in the midſt of ſo many different Occupations ſhe eſtabliſh'd, in her well-ordered Life, a Laſting Worſhip, and a perpetual and uninterrupted Courſe of Religion.

Her days began, as the Days of Glory ſhall begin, with the Adoration of her Creator; and ended like the Life of man, with Meditations on the Vanity of the World. Caſting her Eyes ſometimes on thoſe things which periſh, to wean her Love and Inclinations from them, and ſometimes on that which periſheth not, to make it the Object of all her Hopes and Affections; ſhe liv'd like one that knew ſhe ſhould ſhortly die; her Chriſtian Prudence producing the ſame effect in her, that might have been expected from a diſtinct Revelation of her End, and of the Meaſure of her Days.

Her Piety was Univerſal; ſhe practis'd all the Vertues, be-

becauſe ſhe knew they were all acceptable to God. It had been impoſſible to determine which of all the Duties of Morality ſhe obſerv'd moſt carefully, and it might have been doubted which of her Vertues had the advantage over the reſt; if it had not been known that they were all happily united and blended together in her Piety.

Such was the Foundation of her Vertue, which in other reſpects, was ſo variouſly diverſified, and ſtill found new occaſions to make it ſelf be eſteem'd, by that happy mixture of Elevation and Humility, Firmneſs and Mercy, Courage and Charity, Prudence and a holy Reſignation to the Providence of God, Sweetneſs and Reſolution, that produc'd an Effect on the Minds of thoſe who heedfully conſider'd her, not unlike to that Impreſſion which the Flowers of a beautiful Garden, or the Stars of Heaven, by their Variety and Order, make on the Eyes of an attentive Beholder.

The Merit of our Illuſtrious *MARY* was Great; but it was not greater than her Deſtiny. She ſtood in need of no leſs Vertue and Perfection to fulfil the Deſign of God and the Expectations of Men; being call'd by Providence to edifie a vicious World, to comfort the drooping Church, and to ſave her ſinking Country.

Men may celebrate the Virtues of Great Princes, but God himſelf endites the Praiſes of Great Deliverers. He calls *Cyrus* his *Anointed*, He proclaims him, He promiſes him to the World a hundred years before he came into it; not becauſe he was to be the Conqueror of *Aſia*, but becauſe he was deſign'd to be the Reſtorer of the *Jewiſh* Liberties. Yet how much more glorious had he been, if at the ſame time that he freed them from Slavery, he had alſo deliver'd them from Superſtition? And tho God does not think fit to ſpeak to us by the Mouth of a Prophet, does he not declare his Mind ſufficiently by the Voice of his Providence?

We have not yet forgot thoſe ſad times, when the State was divided into two Parties, one of which endeavour'd to deſtroy it by introducing Error, and the other to preſerve it by defending the Truth: When *England*, like a diſconſolate *Rebecca*, felt two Children, an *Eſau* and a *Jacob*, ſtruggling and contending together with a Secret, but implacable Animoſity, in her wretched Bowels, without being able to foreſee the Succeſs of

thoſe

those Inteſtine Broils that threaten'd to rend her Entrals to pieces?

Superſtition, that active and ſubtle Miſtreſs; inſpir'd her Followers with a Zeal that prompted them to carry on their deſigns, without loſing a minute, even during the life of the late King. Never were Projects better contriv'd, never Intrigues deeper laid or more cunningly manag'd, and never was there more promiſing Hopes than thoſe of that Party. In what a ſad condition had we been, if God had deliver'd us up to that Violence, and to that ſo well known and often experienc'd Cruelty, which is ſo much the more dangerous as acting under a Sacred Diſguiſe, and uſurping the Name of Religion? Who would not have thought, that *England* was juſt ready to be made a Prey to remedileſs Diſorders, and to be turn'd to a bloody Theater of endleſs Diviſions, Revenge, and horrible Maſſacres?

But theſe Miſchiefs could not be effected without gaining a Princeſs, on whom, as being the preſumptive Heireſs of the Crown, they foreſaw that the Fate of the State would in time depend. And it was on this occaſion, that God exalted the ſtrength of his Arm above all the power of men.

This wonderful Princeſs ſeem'd, even almoſt aſſoon as ſhe was born, to know what ſhe was call'd to by the Providence of God; ſo firm and well grounded ſhe appear'd in her heavenly Vocation. And even at that time ſhe was ſo fixt in her Religion, ſo conſtant to her Duty, and ſo unmoveable under all Tentations, and in all other reſpects of ſo ſweet a temper, ſo wiſe, moderate and reſign'd, that it may be ſaid, that ſhe had already all thoſe Perfections, that we could have wiſht to ſee her afterwards adorn'd with, and that the moſt illuſtrious Lives had ſcarce any advantage over the Beginning of Hers, or could exceed the glory of ſo heroical an Infancy.

It was at the ſame time that there aroſe a Difference worthy of eternal Memory. The State demanded our Princeſs as its Sure Refuge, and the Source of all its Comforts; and Superſtition courted her for a Support and Foundation of its Hopes. They contended for her Education with an eagerneſs that produc'd a conteſt, the ſucceſs of which was expected with a concern that held the World in ſuſpence, that fill'd the Reform'd part of it with Fears, and *Great Britain*, particularly, with Anxiety and Diſquiet.

She

But, in vain had both Church and State interpos'd in the Quarrel between Religion and Superſtition, in vain had been all the Care and Courage of our Magnanimous Prelates, and in vain had the Parliament, that Council empower'd both by the Crown and by the Nation, that Sage and (by the Regal Authority) Legiſlative Aſſembly, that perpetual Guardian of the Rights and Priviledges of the Kingdom, that honourable and reſpected Mouth of the People, Interpreter both of its Wants and of its Will, in vain, I ſay, had the Parliament it ſelf reſolv'd to determine the difference brought before its Auguſt Tribunal, if Grace had not already decided the Controverſie in the Heart of that young Princeſs.

She believ'd that ſhe ow'd her ſelf to God and to the State; and that ſhe could not anſwer the Call of Heaven, but by devoting herſelf intirely to her Country and her Religion. Being only willing to live, and ready to die for them both; it may be ſaid that from that very time ſhe accepted the Crown, and Death together; being prepar'd to receive either Fortune for ſo precious and ſacred an Intereſt.

In vain to tempt the Piety of that Heroical Soul, they propoſe a Match to her, able, as they think, to ſhake conſtancy it ſelf; In vain they ſpeak of uniting her to a Prince, who, beſides the amiable qualifications of his Perſon, could boaſt the Expectation of a Throne, and the Hopes of one of the moſt glorious Succeſſions of the Univerſe, but whoſe Alliance is equally oppoſite to the Intereſt of *England*, and to the Conſcience of that Princeſs. She hears the Propoſal with Horror, and rejects it with Indignation, and with a Reſolution that could not be conquer'd.

Thus, for her Countries ſake, ſhe deſpiſes a Dignity, which the Intereſt of that Nation alone ſhall one day make her accept; and even then ſhe ſhow'd her ſelf uncapable of receiving a Scepter but for the ſame Reaſons, for which ſhe had already refus'd one. Happy had ſhe been, if ſhe had not found the Sacrifice of her natural Affections, which ſhe was afterwards oblig'd to offer up to God, a harder Task than the Sacrifice of her Ambition which ſhe offer'd then; and if the Crown that ſhe accepted had not more ſenſibly afflicted her than that which ſhe rejected.

Thus, with an unshaken Constancy, she reserv'd her self for that important and necessary Marriage, to which the Church and the State, the Parliament and Council, and God and the King had appointed her.

Never was the publick Joy better grounded, than on this occasion; and never any Festival was more worthy to be solemniz'd than this. For, then it was that Providence laid the Foundations of the Public Liberty: And to this happy Marriage we owe the succeeding Union of *England* and *Holland*, and the general Confederacy of their Allies.

When the Prince went to *England*, accompanied with the Prayers and Acclamations of the whole World that was concern'd in the Success of his Voyage, he seem'd to ask the Princess in the name of all those Nations that were one day to owe their liberty to this Blessed Match. And (if I might be allow'd to join the present Events with the Occurrences of those times) I would not scruple to affirm, that their Contract of Marriage was a Treaty, which God by his Providence negotiated with all the Nations of *Europe*, for their common Defence and Preservation.

After her arrival in *Holland*, where Providence detain'd her several years, as in a safe Retreat, far from the Allurements and Hurry of the World; where she employed her self in the exercise of all those Vertues, that might fit her to serve the Great Designs of God. There, she did not cease to be useful to the Country which she had left, by terrifying Popery that disturb'd its Peace, and by over-awing even those who seem'd not capable of being restrain'd by Fear. In *Holland* she continues to be the Hope of *England*. Her Life is a dear Pledge of the love of God to that Nation; and so long as that lasts, they fear not that he will forsake them.

But she was not only made for the Good of that Country that had the honour to give her Birth: She was also eminently useful to others, and above all she was the Joy and Admiration of that, where Providence was pleas'd to fix her. In less time than seems necessary to view that happy Climate, she conform'd her self exactly to its Manners and Customs. She became a Pattern to its Women, even in their own peculiar Vertues. She gave them an illustrious example not only

only of Modeſty and Chaſtity, but alſo of Frugality and Moderation. The ſweetneſs of her Temper, and the winning mildneſs of her Deportment took away that haughty Air from Greatneſs with which it is uſually arm'd. She never ſuffer'd any Perſons to depart unſatisfied from her preſence; and taught even thoſe to love a Court who before eſteem'd nothing but Liberty and an Equality of Conditions. And it may be ſaid that among all the Parties and Diviſions that diſturb'd the State, the moſt oppoſite Factions were ſtill united in the love and Admiration of her Vertues.

It was there that her Judgment, beſides all thoſe great and early improvements with which it was already adorn'd, became larger and more extenſive by the help of a ſecond Education. There, her Mind was poliſh'd and brighten'd by continual Reading, and the Converſation of Ingenious Perſons whom ſhe always honour'd with her Protection. And there ſhe acquir'd that comprehenſive Knowledge, and thoſe ſublime Perfections which would have ſhone with greater luſtre, if they had not been cover'd with the veil of her Humility.

There, in pious ſolitudes, ſhe acted the part of a *Moſes* upon the Mount, while her Illuſtrious Husband performed the Office of a *Joſhua* at the Head of his Armies, where his Valour and Conduct were equally admir'd! in good and bad Fortune; and while, by making the beſt uſe of both he advanced apace to that Height of Merit and Honour that was neceſſary to deſerve thoſe glorious Favours that Heaven intended to beſtow upon him.

We may eaſily remember that Time which our lateſt Poſterity ſhall never forget, for they alſo are concern'd in it. A Time, in which God ſet bounds to the Oppreſſion of the people, and to the Affliction of his Church; In which by one ſudden ſtroke he ſtopt the progreſs of that Power which threatened to devour all the World; in which he preſerv'd the Earth from the over-bearing Inundations of that raging Sea, by writing on the Sand *Hitherto ſhalt thou come, and no further.* We ſaw, and ſtill have before our Eyes that important Juncture of Affairs, when the All-wiſe Governour of the World, who diſpoſes ſecond Cauſes according to his pleaſure, thought fit to chain the preſervation of *England*,

and of so many other Countries to the Resolution of one Man; when the Laws, Rights, Liberty, and Religion of so many Nations were entrusted by Providence to the inconstancy of the Waves; when even the Tempests serv'd in so admirable a manner to advance the Work of our Deliverance; when unbloody Victories executed the designs of the God of Mercy; when the Armies of the wicked were subdued by the Harmony and Union of our Minds; when the Deliverer appear'd, and the Terrors of God seiz'd on our Enemies; and when by the miraculous Blessing of God on the noblest and most necessary undertaking of our Age, *England* is still suffer'd to enjoy her Laws, the Church to serve God, and we to live and breath.

'Twas then that *England* became the Field of Battle, where that surprizing Contest was decided, between God who assisted us so visibly, and Men that opposed the designs of his Wisdom. But could the Almighty be defeated by his Creatures, or could his Providence be resisted by his Enemies? At at the same time the heart of the Princess was made the Scene of a no less extraordinary but more secret Engagement between Nature and Grace: and here also God obtain'd the Victory by his spirit. Both these Victories were justifi'd, and made unquestionable, one by its Consequences, and the other by its Effects. The Victory of Providence, by the Events which follow'd it; and that of Grace by the Vertues with which it was accompanied.

If such a numerous Train of the Consequences of that Event, which are either so necessary for our Preservation, or so honourable to *England*, the progress of Popery stop't, our holy Religion supported, our Laws restor'd, the Discipline and Order of the Church secur'd, the Universities those Eyes of the Church and State happily preserv'd, Arbitrary Power for ever banish'd, the Right of our Elections re-establish'd, our Estates assur'd to us, our Priviledges made hencefforth inviolable, *Ireland* freed from Pillage, from Desolation and Burning, our Allies defended by our Arms; a formidable and potent Enemy, that has threatened so long to rob us of our Liberty, now scarce able to defend himself, his Ships coop'd up in a Harbour, and his Coasts expos'd to the terrible effects of our just Vengeance; the Conqueror of

Europe

Europe ready to be confin'd within his proper and narrower Bounds; and all the World oblig'd to *England* for its Quiet and Liberty. If, I say all these Glorious Consequences of our Deliverance do not speak loud enough to convince us that Providence consulted our happiness when it sent the Deliverer to *England*; let us be perswaded by the vertues of *MARY*, who was her self an Apology for the Revolution.

Let us not look for any other Mark of the Approbation of Heaven, than the rare Piety of that Princess. Let the vertue of our two Illustrious Soveraigns magnifie the Wisdom of the People that call'd them to the Throne; and let the Prosperity of the people display the wonderful Goodness of God.

With how much luster did their vertue shine forth on that Glorious Day, when they accepted a Crown that they had never sued for; a Crown that was offer'd them by a Nation that loves Liberty too well, that is too jealous of its Rights, too powerful and magnanimous to suffer it self to be forc'd on an occasion of so great importance for its Preservation and Safety; and fill'd a Throne to which it may be more properly said that they were carri'd by the people, than that they willingly mounted it?

The united Interest of God and the People augmented the Union of their Generous Souls. After their arrival in *England* they seemed to have contracted a new Alliance which was both stronger and more sacred than the first. The King did nothing without the Queens consent: and the Queen never attempted any thing, even during the time of her Administration, but by the inspiration of her absent Lord. 'Tis impossible to praise either of them, without giving the Elogies of both. The Absence of their Persons, could never break the Union of their Souls: and that pitiless Death which has separated them for ever, is not able to divide their Glories.

Nor is it less impossible to shed Tears for one of them, without mourning at the same time for the other. All, the splendor that surrounds the Throne of *WILLIAM* serves equally to Illustrate the Tomb of *MARY*; and the Groans that are heard in all places for the Death of that *August De-*

ceas'd, are as so many Illustrious Commendations and unsuspected Elogies of her Glorious Half, whom God continues still to preserve to us Some affectionate Spouses and passionate Lovers have wished that their Dust might be mingled in their Tombs: but how much greater is the Happiness of our Royal Pair, who are sure that their vertues shall be eternally united, and that they shall possess the same place, if not in the Grave, yet at least in the Temple of Memory.

Our grateful Posterity will read with delight the Annals of our Age, which shall for ever preserve the memory of those immortal Obligations that *England* receiv'd from both her Defenders. How ravish'd will the future Readers of our History be to learn that our admrable Princes so soon after their Accession to the Throne began to divide the Cares of the Government between them, that while one conquer'd his Enemies, the other defended her Subjects; that *WILLIAM* the Conqueror and *MARY* the Deliverer resembled so perfectly the two bright Stars that govern our Nights and Days; and that while the former blest *Ireland* with glorious and happy Days, the latter comforted and supported *England* during the gloomy Night of Trouble and Adversity.

Her second Regency was signaliz d by the entire Reduction of the Kingdom of *Ireland*, as the first was, by Victories that will certainly seem incredible to those that shall hear 'em related with all their Circumstances. A Great River pass'd in the Sight of the Enemy, a Considerably City carry'd by Storm, tho' attack'd on a side where the Water that surrounded it, seem'd to render it impregnable; The Enemies Army brav'd by that famous passage of our Troops, and by so important a Conquest, which they beheld but could not hinder, are Events, that have sometimes been seen to happen severally and at a great distance, but were then all united in one amazing Action; while the astonish'd World beheld both Men and Elements subdu d before us, and doubted which of our Victories was most glorious. And then, *Agrim* dy'd with the Blood of our routed Enemies whom we assaulted in their Entrenchments, and in the midst of the unaccessible Bogs where they were posted; and so many Cities, the Retreats of Rebellion, reduc'd either by the Force or Terror of our Arms; so many glorious Advantages which

we ow'd not so much to the Conduct of our Generals and the invincible Valour of our Soldiers, as to the Care and Piety of *MARY*, whom God took pleasure to favor, and Men esteem'd it their honor to obey; All these I say were Miracles of Providence, that were indeed rare and surprizing, but would have been much more so, if they had been wrought for any other than Her.

It would be hard for us to divert our Thoughts from the Contemplation of these wonderful Subjects, if a greater Event did not command our Attention, in which the Queen was more nearly concern'd, and had a more immediate Title to the Glory with which it Crown'd Her. *France*, having learn'd by an experience of many years, how necessary it was for the Advancement of her ambitious Grandeur, to enslave that Nation, which alone could prevent the execution of her unjust Designs upon the rest of *Europe*, took the advantage of a specious pretext of re-inthroning a King that was her Allie, to set forth a Fleet and an Army, which were indeed design'd for the Conquest of *Great Britain*. The Number of the Forces that were imploy'd on this Expedition, while our Troops were engag'd abroad in a foreign War, the secret Contrivances of our Enemies at home, the Disaffection of some Members of the State, and the Surprisal and Astonishment of the Loyal Party, the cunning and closeness of our Enemies Counsels which they had not forgot on this occasion, and above all the King's Absence who was hazarding his Life in the Defence of his Neighbours, and for our common Preservation; I say, The Conjunction of so many threatning Circumstances fill'd all the Nations of *Europe* with the same Apprehensions for us, that we were wont to be sensible of for them.

The Queen was not ignorant of these Dangers; she saw them such as they were in themselves and even greater than they appeared to others. But her Great Soul was not daunted: And while she was ready to expose her Sacred Person to those Dangers that threatned her Countrey; she appear'd to her Subjects with her wonted Tranquillity; and show'd them that serene Countenance, and that unconcern'd and Majestic Air which commanded Respect from all that saw her, and at the same time inspir'd them with Courage.

She forgot nothing that the moſt active exact Prudence could ſuggeſt, as fit to be done in ſuch a juncture, without noiſe or a too viſible Concern. She ſecur'd the Peace of the Nation, by ſeizing on thoſe that might have diſturb'd it. She took care to put the *Militia* in a Condition to ſecond the Army, and at the ſame time ſhe put the Army in a condition to reſiſt the Enemy. She entertained Eyes and Ears thro all the parts of the Kingdom, to obſerve all that occur'd. The moſt ſecret Cabals of the diſaffected Party, nor their beſt conceal'd Magazines could eſcape her diligence. She ſeem'd to be the univerſal *Genius* of the Kingdom, which encouraged the Soldiers, animated the Officers, enliven'd the Magiſtrates, and filled them all with a noble Reſolution to ſpend their Blood in the defence of their Country. But her principal Care was to engage the Officers of the Fleet to a vigorous performance of their Duty: She bound them to her ſervice with the Ties of Gratitude and Vertue; She entruſted the ſafety of the Nation to their Honour: And they receiv'd both her Meſſages and Letters with Tranſports of Zeal and Affection that they could not hide. They we were filled with a brave Emulation to out-ſtrip one another in Faithfulneſs and Courage; and their Loyalty was quickly recompenſed with immortal Lawrels that were dy'd with Blood, and crowned their Valour.

How delightful is the Remembrance of thoſe glorious and happy Days, when the dreaded news of our Enemies Deſcent was prevented by the welcome Account of their Defeat; when they found a Kingdom, which they expected would have yielded it ſelf up to their ambition, guarded by floating Forts, from whoſe brazen mouths they receiv'd a terrible ſalutation by thoſe fiery Meſſengers of Death that were ſent to bid them welcome. We have not forgot the time when our Enemies who, at their ſetting out to invade us, expected with ſo much impatience the appointed ſignal of their Departure, were forc'd to content themſelves with the light of their own burning Ships inſtead of a Signal of Retreat; when they who had already diſpos'd of *England* and of all its Riches, its Fleets and its Armies, by whoſe aſſiſtance they they hoped to haſten the Deſtruction of *Europe*, found their own Funeral Piles and the end of all their hopes in their

flaming

flaming Veſſels; when being environ'd by two hoſtile Elements, they knew not to which of them they ſhould surrender themſelves, or whether to chuſe Burning or Shipwrack, and at laſt died uncertain whether they periſh'd by Fire or by Water.

This ſingle ſucceſs was deſign'd by Providence to uſher in a ſucceeding Courſe of Victories, and to make way for the Glories of the laſt Campaign, in which we ſaw a potent Enemy that was wont to preſcribe Laws to others, yield without reſiſtance the Empire of the Sea to *England*, whoſe commanding Flags fly over all the World, and ſecure the Trade of our Merchants, the Power and Credit of the Nation, the Provinces of our Allies, and the Honour and Reputation of our Arms.

There was a time when *England* felt the miſeries of a raging War in her own Bowels, while her Neighbours were in peace: now ſhe enjoys all the Bleſſings of a profound peace in the midſt of a War that fills other Nations with Deſolation and Ruine. We enjoy without diſturbance the product of our Fields, and of our labours; The Arts and Sciences flouriſh among us without Interruption. No man is exempted by the Law of the Sword from yielding Obedience to the Laws of the State. Every man is Maſter at home, and fears not to be puniſh'd by military Execution for his honeſt Deſire to preſerve what belongs to him.

Who could have believ'd, and yet who can deny, that the ſame Perſon whoſe Mind was raviſh'd with an attentive Contemplation of that Great Spectacle of our Deliverance and Preſervation, which were alſo the continual Objects of her Care, who was continually occupied in that glorious Miniſtry under the Orders of that providence that protected her, could at the ſame time be a pattern to all other Women in the Simplicity of Domeſtic Affairs?

She order'd the Affairs of her Houſhold with as much Care and Exactneſs, as if ſhe had not been entruſted with the Government of ſo many Nations; and ſhe manag'd the Affairs of the Crown with ſo much Application and Succeſs as if ſhe had never thought on any thing elſe. Nothing was either too great, or too little for a mind like Hers.

She seem'd to be the Mother as well as the Mistress of all those Women that Serv'd her: She rewarded the Services that she receiv'd from them by the Care that she took of them, and by the Examples of Vertue that she set before them. They that enter d into her Service were Consecrated to God; and in opposition to the Custom of almost all Ages and Nations, they that desir'd to become Courtiers were oblig'd in some sense to renounce the World.

By the lustre of her merit, she appear'd worthy of the Empire of the World: And by the Extensiveness of her Bounty, she seem'd to be the Mother of all the Families in the Kingdom.

She labour'd earnestly to make *England* a Divine Monarchy, or the *Kingdom of God*, and to imprint the Image of Heaven on these *Fortunate Islands*, where nothing can be wanting, if they be not destitute of Piety and Truth.

The Laws which she made, and the Examples which she gave, seem'd to contend which of them should most effectually recommend Vertue. But why should we make a distinction between them; since the Orders that she establish'd to promote the Service of God are Examples worthy to be imitated by all Soveraigns; and the Examples which she gave have the force of Laws to all those that have any sense of Piety or Vertue.

Princes may be said in some sense to command every thing that they do, and to forbid every thing that they do not. Their Example has an attractive Power to draw others after them. Both their Vices and their Vertues spread themselves over all their Dominions; and are in some measure eterniz'd by Imitation. The least Crime that they commit renders them guilty of a thousand others; and all the Vertues with which they are adorn'd are incessantly reproduced in the Hearts of an infinite number of persons that are ambitious of resembling them.

Tis certainly a great Blessing to a Nation to have a Soveraign that never gives a bad Example; but this was but the least Advantage of *Great Britain*, that had the happiness to see the priviledges of Chastity and Vertue restor'd together with her Liberty, and the Laws of Honour and Decency re-establish'd as well as those of the State and of Society.

MARY

MARY ſcatter'd the Seeds of Almſgiving by her diffuſive Charity, and of all other Vertues by her edifying Example. She reform'd her Subjects by the care which ſhe took to regulate her own Life, and enur'd even thoſe to honeſt Labour who look upon Idleneſs and Sloth as an Appendix of their Greatneſs. She allur'd a thouſand Benefactors to the Poor by an ever-active Charity, which more induſtrious than Intereſt it ſelf invented new Methods for their Subſiſtance. She perform'd by the Miniſtry of thoſe who imitated her Vertue, what God did by hers. The Poor were oblig'd to her for the Good they receiv'd from others, as they ow'd to God the Good that ſhe did and caus'd to be done.

By her Care Piety was reſtor'd if not to all its Priviledges, yet at leaſt to a new degree of Reputation. Devotion was no longer eſteem'd a Weakneſs, and the World was co ſtrain'd to pay ſome Reſpect to Religion.

Religion was her peculiar care. She was no ſooner ſeated on the Throne, but ſhe began to make it her Buſineſs and her Pleaſure to defend it, and to preſerve it in its purity. How careful was ſhe to beſtow the Dignities of the Church on deſerving Perſons? When were theſe Sacred Sources of the Edification and Inſtruction of the People more pure and undefil'd? Never did a tender and loving Mother employ greater care and circumſpection in the choice of fit Perſons to be entruſted with the Education of her Children, than ſhe us'd in the Choice of the Spiritual Fathers of her People; and never Soveraign conſecrated his Subjects to God with a purer and more Holy Intention. I appeal to the Teſtimony of all the World and of almoſt all Ages, whoſe unacquaintedneſs with this vertue is a clear proof of its Worth. How many Princes are there, who, on ſuch occaſions, are ſway'd by Unjuſt and Sacrilegious Motives, and favour Recommendation to the prejudice of Vertue, who recompenſe Secular Services without regard to the Edification of Souls, and make the Salvation of Mankind and the Glory of God depend on the meaneſt Intereſts, and even ſometimes on the moſt guilty Paſſions.

't would have been eſteem'd the Glory of any other Prince, to have been able to avoid ſo general a Fault, as that of a criminal Complaiſance in the choice of the Miniſters of the Altar; but this was not enough for *MARY*. She recall'd thoſe bleſſed Times, thoſe happy Ages of the Church, when Dignities courted Merit, when Humility and Modeſty were drawn out of their Retirements, and compell'd to accept thoſe great Charges which they refus'd; and when *Vertue* thus forcibly recompens'd had a Right to preach Diſintereſtedneſs and Reſignation to others.

By advancing every one according to his Merit, his Gifts and his *Vertue*, and the Advantage which the People might receive from him; and by ranking thoſe ſhining Lights in the Myſtical Heaven of the Church, ſhe imitated that Order and variety, that pleaſant and uſeful Subordination, with which an Omniſcient and Eternal Hand has plac'd the Stars in the Firmament.

With how much delight and ſatisfaction did good Men behold that happy Turn of Affairs in *England*. How did they rejoyce to ſee thoſe whom Perſecution had mark'd out for the Objects of its Fury, honour'd with the nobleſt Recompences of their Merit and *Vertue*? To ſee our moſt Illuſtrious Sufferers made our chief Prelates, and to contemplate in this bleſſed Change, as in a lively Figure, the future Happineſs of the Univerſal Church, when it ſhall be advanc'd from a State of Warfare to a State of Glory and Triumph?

But why do we ſpeak of Triumph and Glory? Have we forgot that *MARY* is in her Grave. A fatal and cruel Diſeaſe, and more cruel to us than to her, has forc'd her away from the Prayers and Deſires of her Subjects, from the Hopes of the whole World, from the Boſom of a paſſionately lov'd and loving Husband, and, above all, from the Great Deſigns of her Piety and Beneficence.

She was prepar'd to leave us, but we were not prepar'd to loſe her. The Diſmal Tidings of her Sickneſs fill'd every Heart with Woe, and every Mouth with Lamentations: Every one begs God to ſhorten his Days and to add them to ſo precious a Life. An Univerſal Cry was heard thro' the whole Nation, or rather thro' all thoſe Nations who depended on her by the deareſt and moſt Sacred Ties of Religion

and

and Gratitude, a Cry of Mourning and of Supplication, which doubtleſs would have reach'd to the Throne of God, if our Sins had not been ſtronger than our Prayers.

Yet all endeavor to flatter themſelves with ſome hopes. None are willing to deny themſelves the pleaſure of believing what they deſire; and even, after all hopes were taken away, we durſt not think of her Death.

Nevertheleſs it approach'd, that inexorable Death, which by one Blow pierc'd the Hearts of an infinite number of perſons. It was the Terror of all the World; but *MARY* was prepared to receive it.

Already her tender Heart had bore the ſhock of a ſharp Conflict between Nature and Grace; and the firſt triumph'd over the latter, tho it was forc'd to ſtruggle hard for the *Victory*, when ſhe beheld her dear and deſpairing Lord ready to expire before her, and juſt ſinking under the weight of his Sorrow. Forgive, great God, this laſt Effort of her Tenderneſs, theſe Remainders of a Paſſion that will be quickly extinguiſh'd. Thou know'ſt the cloſeneſs of the Union that link'd theſe two Illuſtrious Hearts, nor could they poſſibly conſent without pain to ſo killing a ſeparation.

After ſhe had offer'd up to God this laſt Sacrifice of her Love, which was the hardeſt but a neceſſary part of her dying Task, ſhe hears without diſturbance the fatal *Meſſage*, which they who brought it could not deliver without trembling.

She thanks the Author of her Salvation that ſhe was not now to prepare for her end; ſhe gives the Glory to God that had inſpir'd her with a ſenſe of better things; ſhe declares with joy that her Religion had taught her not to truſt her Great Intereſt to the Uncertainties of a late Repentance; and can cheerfully cry, with the great Exemplar of Submiſſion, *Lo I come to thy Will O God!*

She fears to loſe the remaining Moments of her Life; ſhe employs them in hearkening to ſeaſonable Inſtructions concerning her God, and approaching Paſſage to Glory, and takes care that the continual Reading of pious Books may ſupply the place of an uninterrupted Exhortation.

She expreſſes her Piety more by Actions than by Words; but thoſe few Words that ſhe uſes are full of the Spirit of Chriſtianity and Holineſs. She does nothing out of Oſtentation, and omits nothing that may ſerve for the public Edification.

Twice

Twice ſhe communicated with Chriſt, at the beginning of her Sickneſs by Works of Charity, and towards the end of it in the Sacrament of the Euchariſt: Firſt, with the Members of Chriſt, by a chearful diſtribution of Alms, and then, with Chriſt himſelf, who repaid in Grace and ſpiritual Conſolations, what he had receiv'd from her in temporal Aſſiſtance, and after he had comforted on her Death-bed, receiv'd her into the Manſions of his Glory.

Thus ended that Life which was ſo uſeful to the World, and ſo dear to the Church of God; which ſhe, or we rather, loſt, in the Height of its Glory, in a flouriſhing Age, and at a time when her Affairs were in a very proſperous ſtate. Thus were thoſe charitable Eyes forever ſhut, that were always wont to be Meſſengers of Good Tidings to the Poor, thoſe Ears that were always attentive to their Cry, and that Mouth which ſeem'd never to open but to do them good, to promiſe them relief, or to interceed for them. *MARY* ſhall hear no more the Groans of the afflicted, that were wont to pierce her tender Soul; and they ſhall ſee her no more, who was always ready to aſſiſt and comfort them: She is now in a place where there are no Objects of Compaſſion. *MARY* is dead to live again; ſhe has left her Throne here to aſcend to one above the Stars: She is now raiſing the Joys of Heaven, and has fill'd the Earth with Mourning and Deſolation.

Scarce had ſhe vaniſh'd from our ſight, when her Merit appearing in all its ſplender to the Eyes of the Univerſe, was celebrated by the Tears or Praiſes of all ſorts of Perſons, and publickly extoll'd in all languages, becauſe ſhe was a Benefactreſs to all Nations. She has left no man the liberty to ſpeak or be ſilent: Every one praiſes her according to his ability; and they who relate her Words and Actions with the greateſt ſimplicity give the higheſt Idea of her Vertue.

A thouſand Eloquent Mouths praiſe her, or are ſilent only becauſe they are conſcious to themſelves that they cannot praiſe her worthily. Others having begun to write her Character, are interrupted by Sighs and Tears, which will not ſuffer them to finiſh their Undertaking. Orators, ſcarce able to follow at a diſtance the ſublime Flights of her Vertues, ſeem to have recourſe to Fiction in their deſcriptions of them; and Poets, to paint forth ſo real and ſacred a merit, are forc'd

for

for the first time, to borrow the natural and unaffected Language of Truth. The Poet without Fiction, and the Orator without Disguise, in their ordinary discourse, speak things of her now at her Death which they neither durst, nor could without Flattery have presag'd at her Birth.

How vain, yet commendable are all our Endeavours to adorn her Tomb? In vain Crouds of her Subjects, grateful to their deceast Benefactress, and just to her Memory, run to see, and to augment by their Presence the Pomp of her Funeral.

There are no Obsequies worthy of *MARY*, or if there are; they most only consist in the Works of her Piety, and in Sghts that we owe to her Vertue: the Poor watering her Tomb with their Tears, the Vertues weeping round her Monument, our restor'd Laws supplying the place of her Titles and of the marks of her Dignity, the numerous and magnificent Train of all those that were either reliev'd by her Bounty, protected by her Authority, or defended by her Wisdom, the great Examples of her Life expos'd to the Eyes of the World, her Country and Religion following their dear Preserver, and Liberty carri'd as in triumph, in a Chariot, without the wretched Attendance of miserable Captives, or oppress Nations. What can there be in all this Pomp, that strikes the Eyes of a wondring Nation with a more agreeable splendor, than the Nation it self freed from the Yoke that was to be impos'd upon it? Is there any thing more Glorious in the Funeral Oration which the Chief Minister of our Religion pronounc'd before his listening Auditory, than the Liberty that he has to speak, and we to hear him, in that place. And among all that Assembly of mourning Sages, who are no less distinguish'd by their Gravity and Wisdom, than by the honor they have to represent the Nation, is there any thing more Noble and Magnificent in the eyes of those who remember former times, than that we have a *Parliament*. May ye last for ever, ye noble Objects of *MARY*'s Care, and precious Relics of your deceast Queen, ye Liberty, Church, and People of *Britain*, living Monuments of her true Grandeur, perpetual Ornments of her Tomb, and Immortal Pomp of her Funeral; may ye last for ever for her Glory, and may her Memory endure eternally for your Consolation.

Fear not that she shall be subject to the Fate of perishable Things. *MARY* shall live; *MARY* shall never dye. Her example shall pass from Age to Age; and her Vertues, immortaliz'd by a happy imitation, shall make her the profitable D

light of the World. and the Benefactreſs of Mankind, till the final Conſummation of all Things. But the Grief that is occaſioned by her Death ſhall not be eternal: She that is a ſource of mourning to us, ſhall be the Joy of ſucceeding Ages, who will forget that ſhe died to remember only that ſhe was born: and will change the Cypreſs of her Funeral into Noſegays and Garlands, which they will ſtrew upon her Tomb.

But whether are we carried by a Zeal that loſes it ſelf equally both in Joy and Grief. Can we forget that *MARY* rejected thoſe vain Applauſes during her Life, and condemns them yet more after her Death; that on the Throne ſhe gave us Leſſons of Humility, and in her Tomb preaches to us the vanity of the World; that in the dark apartments of the Grave ſhe impoſes ſilence one Pride, and reigning with God in the Heavens commands our Grief to be ſilent; and that pointing ſometimes to her Tomb, and ſometimes to the Throne where ſhe is ſeated, ſhe does by turns comfort us, and exhort us to Humility.

In the midſt of that multitude of melancholic, dumb, and lifeleſs Monarchs, thoſe venerable Carkaſſes, thoſe mouldring Majeſties and wormeaten Gods of the Earth, whoſe Darkneſs illuminates our minds, whoſe ſolitude diſcourſes to us, and even whoſe ſilence is eloquent, *MARY* proclaims aloud the meanneſs of humane Grandeur with a mightier voice than ever yet ſtruck our Ears: She exhorts us to approach and behold thoſe who govern'd this Kingdom and her who preſerv'd it, that we may may ſee the poor remainders of all their ancient ſplendor, and of the vain Applauſe of Men. But ſhe is ſtill more humbled in the Heavens by the preſence of God, than in the Grave amidſt the ſad ſinal Pomp of Death; ſhe ſurrenders all the Glories of her Life and the Honours that ſhe receiv'd at her Death, to that God to whom all Honor and Glory belongs.

GOD, ſhe cries, is your only Benefactor, the only Deliverer of Nations, Protector of Empires, and Comforter of the afflicted; He alone is Good, Merciful, Wiſe, Great, and Wonderful: He is All in himſelf, and I was nothing but by him. Go to my Grave, and ſee there what I am; Come to Heaven, and ſee here what He is. O ye admirers of Duſt, or rather of that which is nothing, do not perſiſt longer in your injuſtice to the Glory of the Almighty, Ceaſe to praiſe me, and begin to ſerve him. Carry your Incenſe to his Altars, and leave my Body to the Worms. Open his Temples, and ſhut my Tomb.

THE END

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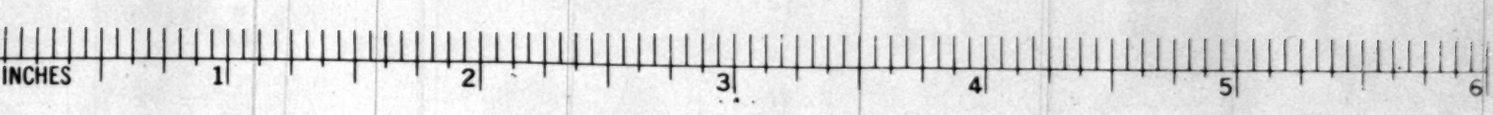
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